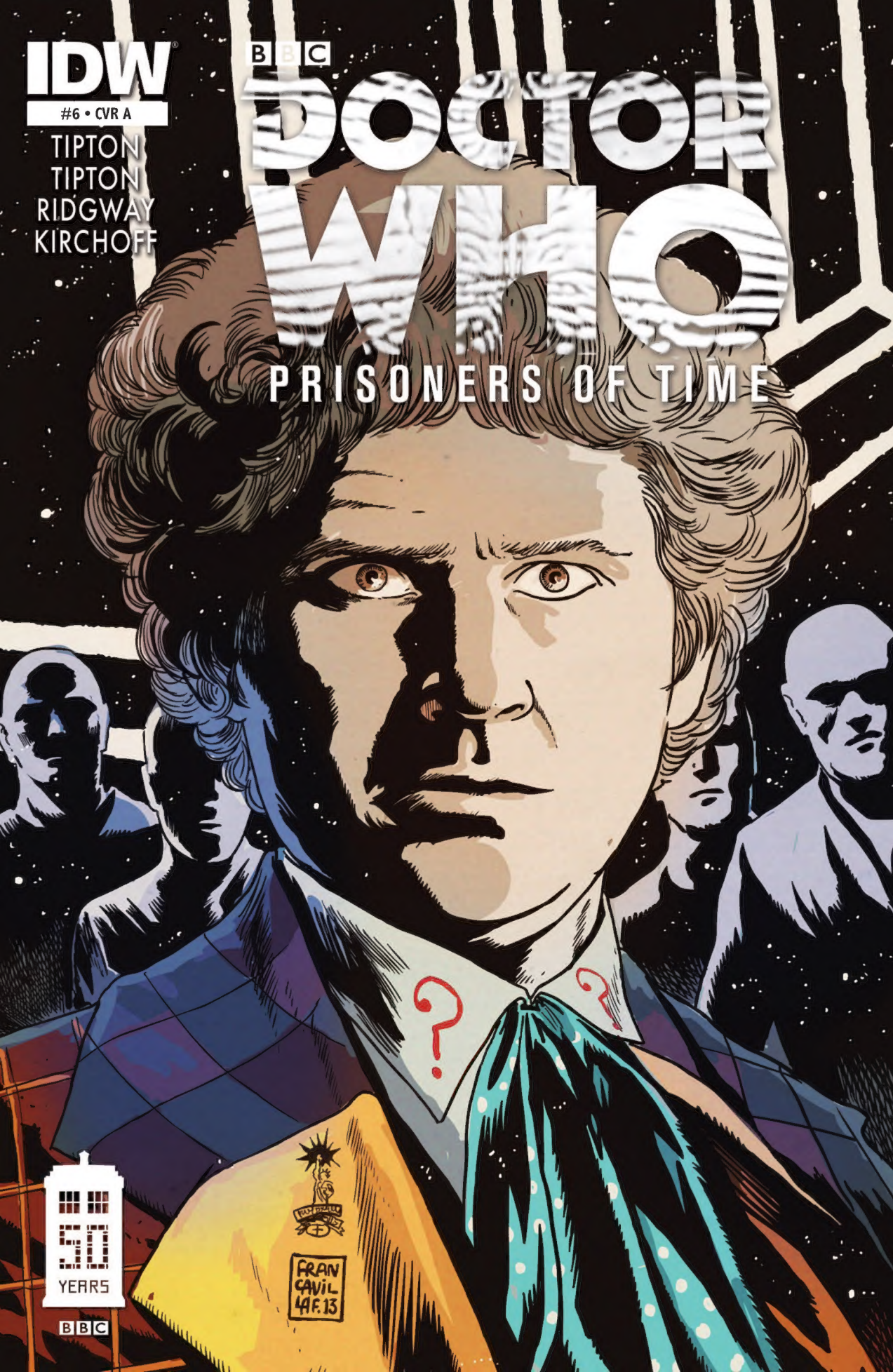
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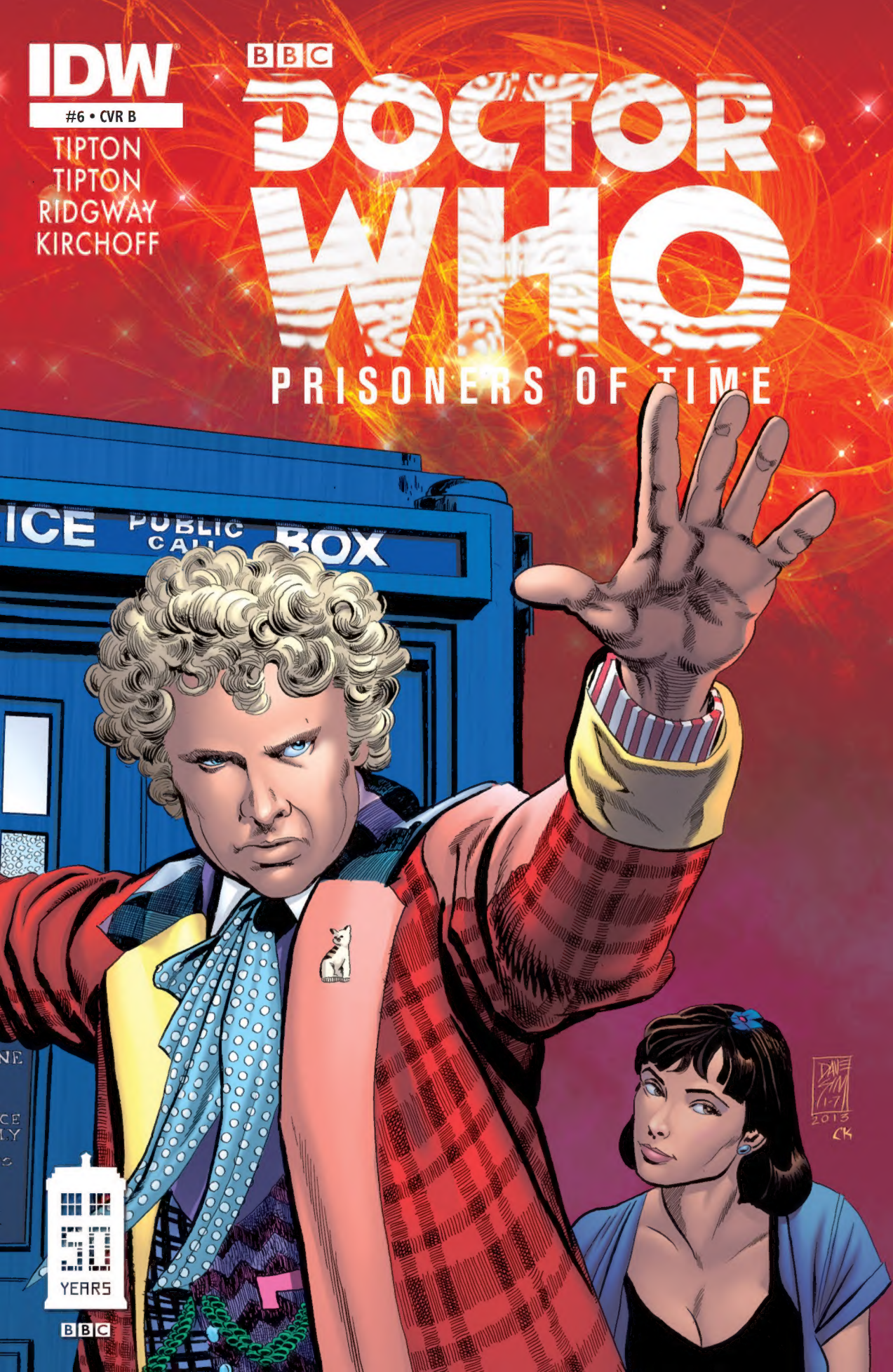
DOCTOR WHO

PRISONERS OF TIME



BBC

DOCTOR WHO

PRISONERS OF TIME

6TH DOCTOR
1984 - 1986

The Doctor is an alien, the last of the powerful Time Lords of the planet Gallifrey. He is an intrepid traveller through time and space, armed with an incredible intelligence. He travels alone except for the human companions he befriends, briefly sharing his life with them and showing them the astonishing wonders of the universe.

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LOOK AT ALL THOSE PENGUINS!
WOW, THIS IS GREAT, DOC! JUST WHAT I ASKED FOR.
YEEE-HAAA!

JUST LOOK AT HIM GO.
I'VE RARELY SEEN HIM SO EXCITED.

SO WAIT—I THOUGHT HE WASN'T REALLY A PENGUIN.
OH, HE'S NOT. FROBISHER IS A WHIFFERDILL—A SHAPESHIFTER.
IF I WERE A SHAPESHIFTER, I DON'T THINK I'D SPEND MOST OF MY TIME AS A PENGUIN.
THAT'S JUST ONE OF HIS CHARMING PECULIARITIES, PERI.

HOW DID YOU MEET FROBISHER, ANYWAY?
OH, IT'S QUITE A LONG STORY.

TO SUM UP, SOMEONE ONCE HAD THE TEMERITY TO PUT A BOUNTY ON MY HEAD.
A QUARTER OF A MILLION MAZUMAS!
CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT?

HE WAS WORKING AS A PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR WHEN HE TRIED TO COLLECT THE BOUNTY ON ME.

AS IT TURNED OUT, WE BECAME FAST FRIENDS.
AND WE SPLIT THE BOUNTY MONEY.
WE'VE OFTEN TRAVELLED TOGETHER SINCE THEN.

CAN HE REALLY TALK TO THE PENGUINS?
IT WOULD NOT SURPRISE ME.
IN OUR TRAVELS, I HAVE FOUND FROBISHER TO BE EXCEEDINGLY RESOURCEFUL.
DOC!
PERI!
LET'S LOOK OVER THIS WAY!
OH, BE CAREF—
OW!
SCRUNCH
WHAT HAPPENED?
WELL, YOU ASKED IF WE COULD GO SOMEPLACE WHERE YOU COULD MEET SOME REAL PENGUINS.
I NEGLECTED TO MENTION ONE RELATIVELY MINOR DETAIL...

'...WE'RE IN THE YEAR 7214. THIS IS ACTUALLY A NATURE PRESERVE, THE LAST REMNANT OF WILD ANTARCTICA. THE REST OF THE CONTINENT HAS BEEN RATHER GENTRIFIED. IT'S ONE ENORMOUS CITY'.

SEE, MOMMY, I TOLD YOU THERE WERE PEOPLE INSIDE WITH THE PENGUINS!
I SAY, SIR, ARE YOU KIDNAPPING THAT PENGUIN?
HE IS DOING NOTHING OF THE SORT, MADAM.
IN FACT, I TRIED TO KIDNAP *HIM* ONCE.
OH, NO. THIS IS VERY BAD. DOCTOR, WE REALLY SHOULD GET OUT OF HERE. THIS IS HARDLY KEEPING A LOW PROFILE.
RIGHT YOU ARE, PERI!
PERHAPS I SHOULD HAVE ASKED FROBISHER TO CHANGE FORM *BEFORE* WE WENT THROUGH THE DOOR.
OH WELL, LIVE AND LEARN, AS THEY SAY.
VERY WELL, THEN, LET'S CONSIDER THIS ENDEAVOUR ILL-CONSIDERED, AND BE ON OUR WAY!
I'M WITH YOU, DOC. THE SOONER WE CAN GET BACK TO THE TARDIS, THE BETTER.
HALT! TRESPASSING IS ILLEGAL.
SURRENDER IMMEDIATELY.

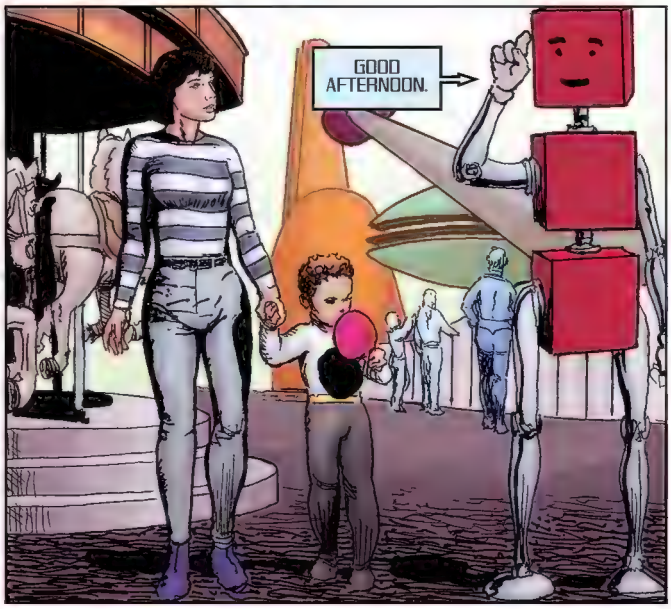
APPREHEND THEM!
WHAT DO YOU THINK, DOC?
CAN WE GIVE THEM THE OLD RUNAROUND, AND CIRCLE BACK TO THAT DOOR TO GET TO THE TARDIS?
PRECISELY MY THINKING, FROBISHER!
QUICKLY, LET'S TURN AHEAD.
HALT!
SURRENDER IMMEDIATELY!
SECURITY NOW TRACKING THREE SUSPECTS: ONE LUNATIC, ONE ROGUE PENGUIN, ONE FEMALE IN A PARKA.
I'M HARDLY A LUNATIC!
THAT'S WHAT YOU KEEP TELLING ME.
Argh!
LET'S TRY TO LOSE THEM INSIDE THE PARK.
SHOULD WE GET SPLIT UP, MAKE YOUR WAY BACK TO THE TARDIS.
AGREED?
SOUNDS LIKE A PLAN.
I GUESS...
Amusement Park This Way

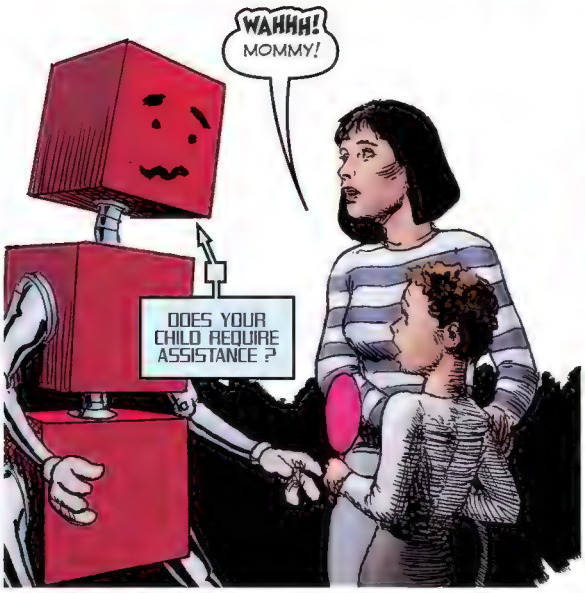
HURRY UP! THIS WAY! GET THE LEAD OUT!
SCANNING. SCANNING. NEGATIVE RESULTS.
YOU DID IT!
COMING THROUGH!
EXCUSE ME! MAKE WAY!
THE LUNATIC IS ON THE GRASS.
WHOA-OA-OA!
THE LUNATIC HAS FALLEN.
SECURE THE AREA.

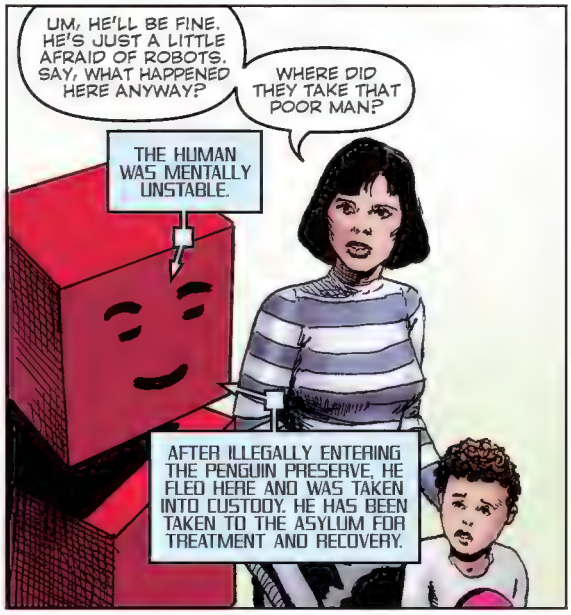
Frobisher, they're taking the doctor away!
We gotta follow 'em! Don't worry, kid, we'll get the Doc outta this jam. I do it all the time!

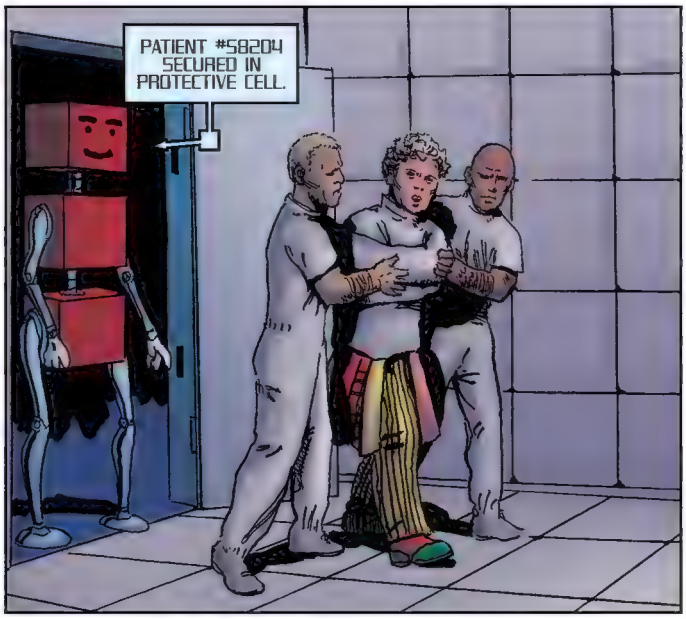
FIRST, THOUGH, I GOTTA CHANGE INTO SOMETHING A LITTLE MORE PRACTICAL.

THIS OUGHTTA DO IT!


GOOD AFTERNOON.


WAHHH! MOMMY!
DOES YOUR CHILD REQUIRE ASSISTANCE ?

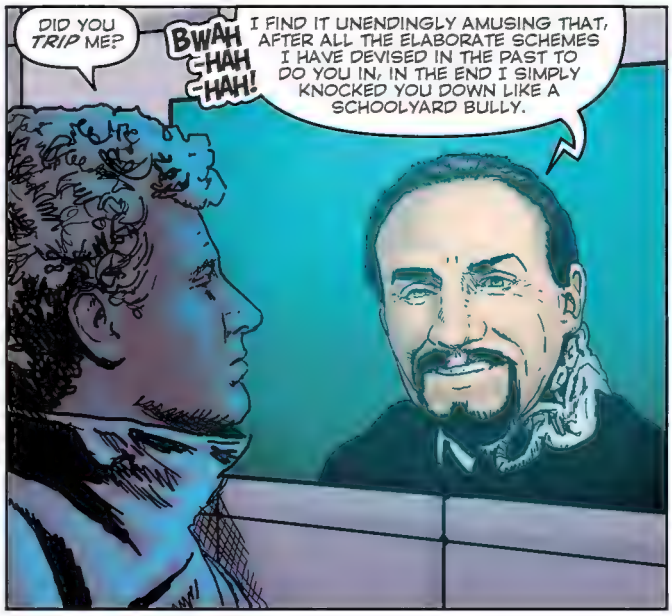

UM, HE'LL BE FINE. HE'S JUST A LITTLE AFRAID OF ROBOTS. SAY, WHAT HAPPENED HERE ANYWAY?
WHERE DID THEY TAKE THAT POOR MAN?
THE HUMAN WAS MENTALLY UNSTABLE.
AFTER ILLEGALLY ENTERING THE PENGUIN PRESERVE, HE FLED HERE AND WAS TAKEN INTO CUSTODY. HE HAS BEEN TAKEN TO THE ASYLUM FOR TREATMENT AND RECOVERY.


PATIENT #58204 SECURED IN PROTECTIVE CELL.

WHAT THE DEVIL? THE GALL OF THESE PEOPLE!

HELLO?
BZZZZZZZZZZ

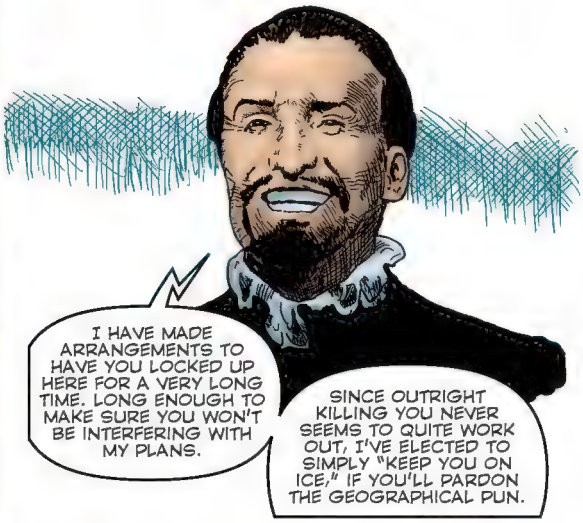
HELLO, DOCTOR.
YOU!
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THERE WAS MORE TO ALL THIS.
ONLY THE MASTER WOULD SIMULTANEOUSLY AIM SO HIGH AND YET STOOP SO LOW.


DID YOU *TRIP* ME?
BWAH-HAH-HAH!
I FIND IT UNENDINGLY AMUSING THAT, AFTER ALL THE ELABORATE SCHEMES I HAVE DEVISED IN THE PAST TO DO YOU IN, IN THE END I SIMPLY KNOCKED YOU DOWN LIKE A SCHOOLYARD BULLY.

YOU'RE SICK.
SIMPLY DERANGED, THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE.
OH HO! BUT DOCTOR, *YOU'RE* THE ONE IN THE INSANE ASYLUM.

ARE YOU NOT FEELING QUITE YOURSELF LATELY?
YOU KNOW PERFECTLY WELL JUST HOW SANE I AM.
WHY, I'M THE PICTURE OF SANITY!
NOW, YOU GET ME OUT OF THESE RESTRAINTS AND LET'S SETTLE THIS MAN TO MAN.

TUT, TUT, DOCTOR.
YOU SOUND A LITTLE AGITATED.
PERHAPS SOME QUIET TIME TO REFLECT WOULD DO YOU SOME GOOD.


I HAVE MADE ARRANGEMENTS TO HAVE YOU LOCKED UP HERE FOR A VERY LONG TIME. LONG ENOUGH TO MAKE SURE YOU WON'T BE INTERFERING WITH MY PLANS.
SINCE OUTRIGHT KILLING YOU NEVER SEEMS TO QUITE WORK OUT, I'VE ELECTED TO SIMPLY "KEEP YOU ON ICE," IF YOU'LL PARDON THE GEOGRAPHICAL PUN.

click

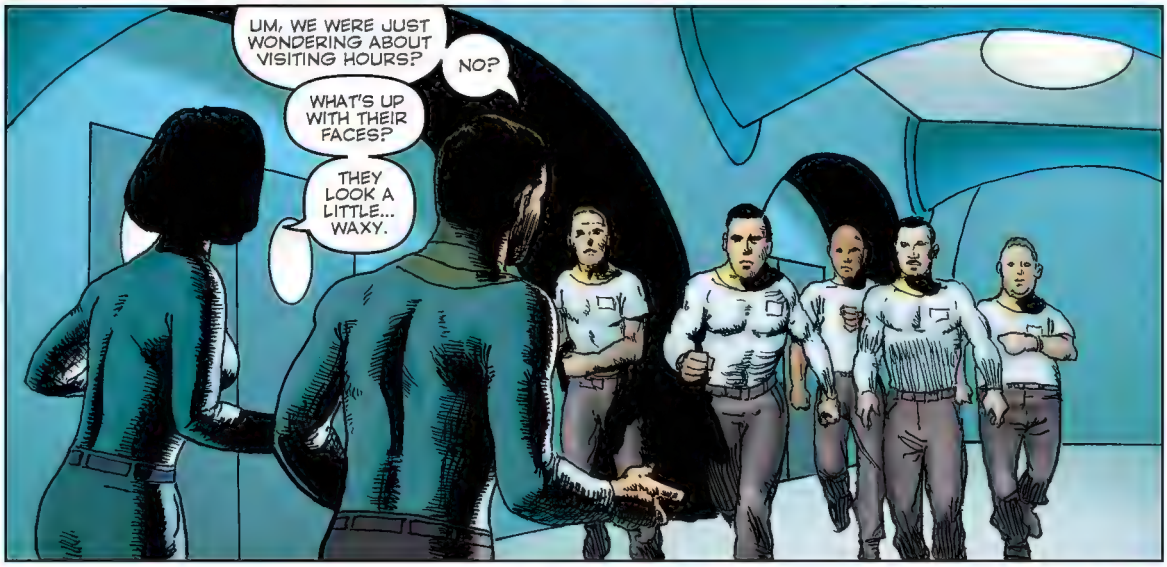
KRRC
KKK
RRAGH!

OKAY, IT'S RIGHT THIS WAY.
I CAN'T BELIEVE THEY TOOK THE DOCTOR TO AN ASYLUM!
LET ME TELL YOU, HE'S NOT GOING TO LIKE THAT.
NOT ONE BIT. LET'S GO!
WHAT, YOU THINK THEY'RE JUST GOING TO LET US STROLL IN?
AS ALWAYS, I HAVE A PLAN.
HERE COMES A HELPFUL CANDIDATE...
WHAT DO YOU THINK?
WOW! YOU'RE AMAZING!
Dr. W.H.Hartnell
Psychiatric Staff
Member 6368
WHIFFERDILLS DO HAVE THEIR USES!

WHICH WAY DO YOU THINK?
HOW SHOULD I KNOW?
MAYBE WE SHOULD GO THIS WAY FIRST. I THINK I CAN SMELL THE CAFETERIA...

HEY!

BUZZZZZZZZZZZZ
UH-OH...
SO MUCH FOR LUNCH. I THINK THEY'RE ON TO US, KID.


UM, WE WERE JUST WONDERING ABOUT VISITING HOURS?
NO?
WHAT'S UP WITH THEIR FACES?
THEY LOOK A LITTLE... WAXY.

HEY, HEY, KEEP BACK, PAL!
DON'T MAKE ME GET PHYSICAL!

BOOOOING

BLARGH! WHAT DID YOU DO?!
I'VE HEARD OF THESE GUYS!
THEY'RE AUTONS!
THE DOCTOR MENTIONED 'EM ONCE OR TWICE!
THEY'RE LIKE 'PLASTIC PEOPLE' OR SOMETHIN'!
DID THE DOCTOR SAY THEY WERE DANGEROUS?
MAYBE A LITTLE...
BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM
RUN FOR IT!

HRM. HADN'T PLANNED ON DOING THIS TODAY.

LUCKILY, AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE SHOWED ME JUST WHAT TO DO WHEN IN A SITUATION SUCH AS THIS.

'LISTEN UP, MY BOY. FIRST THING YOU HAVE TO DO AS THEY'RE SLIPPING THE JACKET ON YOU, IS TAKE AS HUGE A BREATH AS YOU CAN AND EXPAND YOUR CHEST AND ABDOMEN AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE. THEN WHEN YOU RELAX, YOU WILL HAVE A LITTLE ROOM TO OPERATE. THEN FIND A STURDY SURFACE TO WORK AGAINST.'

GOOD OLD HARRY. HE DID LOVE TO HEAR HIMSELF TALK.

A LITTLE OBSESSED WITH HIS MOTHER, BUT A GOOD EGG NONETHELESS.

AND THE MAN KNEW HIS STRAITJACKETS, I'LL GIVE HIM THAT.

NOW HOPEFULLY NO ONE'S SEEN MY LITTLE FLOOR SHOW...

WHAAA—?

WHERE DID HE GO?

HAH!
WHUFF!

POP

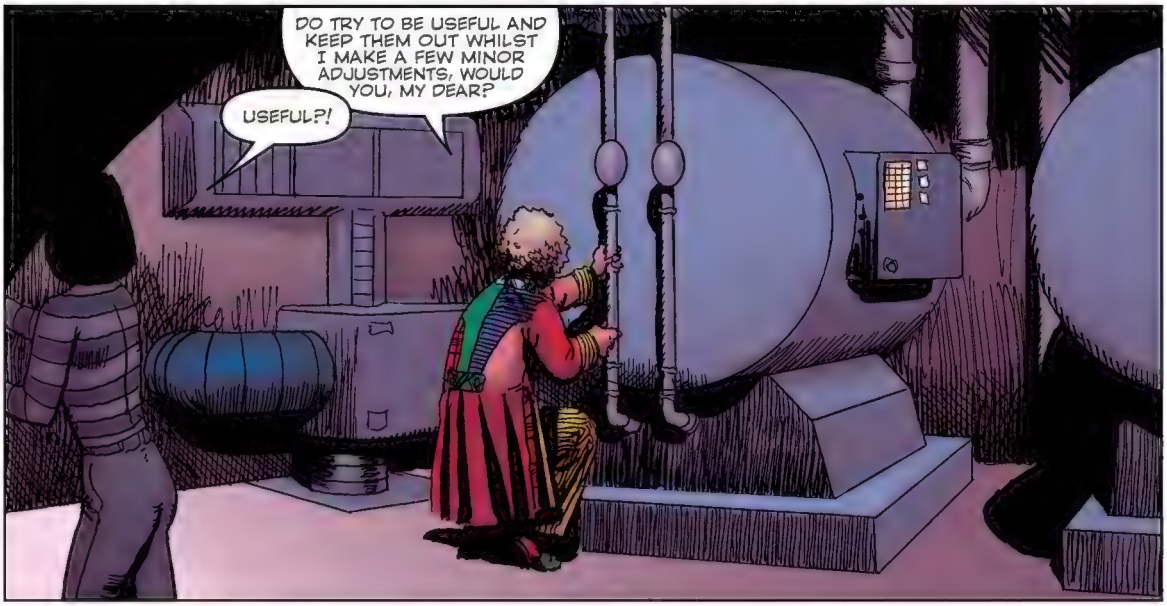
AN AUTON! THE PERFECT DISPOSABLE HENCHMAN.
THERE'S PROBABLY NOT A HUMAN ON STAFF!

PERI! WHAT EXQUISITE TIMING ON MY PART!
NOT NOW, DOC!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, 'NOT NOW'?! WHY, I—

I SEE YOUR POINT!
WHERE'S FROBISHER?
NEVER MIND THAT!
WHERE ARE WE GOING?
ALL THINGS BEING EQUAL AT THE MOMENT, I'D SAY 'DOWN' IS AS GOOD A CHOICE AS ANY, WOULDN'T YOU?
I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU HAVE A PLAN, YET, DO YOU?
I WOULD BE INSULTED AT YOUR LACK OF CONFIDENCE IF I WASN'T SO ACCUSTOMED TO IT!
I'M CERTAIN A PLAN WILL OCCUR TO ME AT THE APPROPRIATE TIME!
AHA! AN OPPORTUNITY EMERGES! THIS WAY, MY DEAR!

QUICKLY, QUICKLY!

KLANG KLANG KLANG KLANG


DO TRY TO BE USEFUL AND KEEP THEM OUT WHILST I MAKE A FEW MINOR ADJUSTMENTS, WOULD YOU, MY DEAR?
USEFUL?!

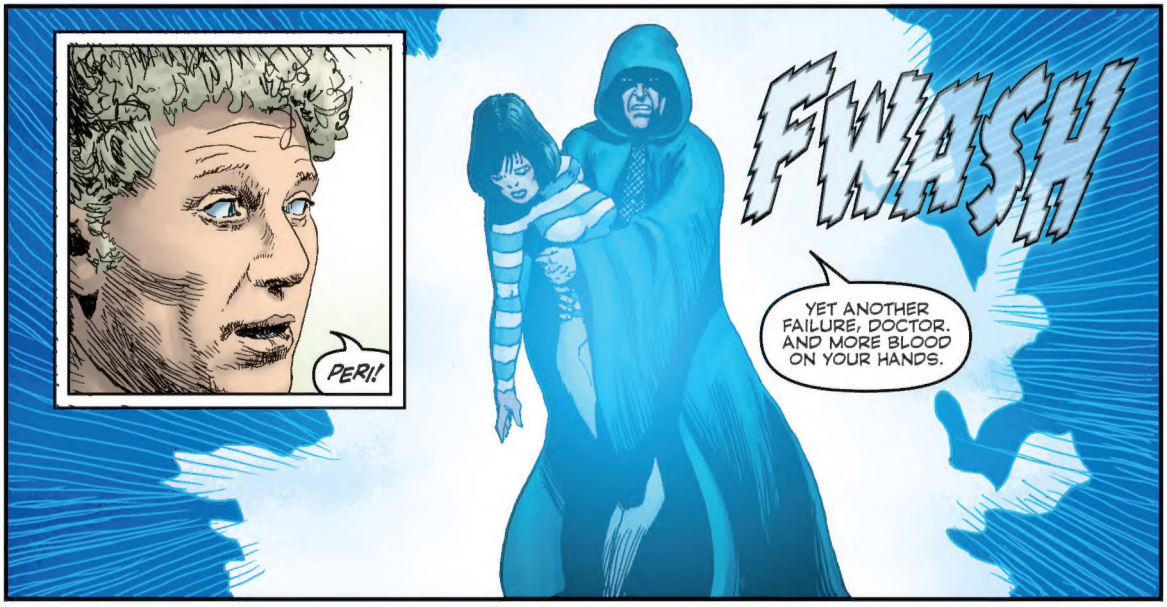
DOCTOR... I CAN'T HOLD THEM...

YOU WILL SIMPLY *HAVE* TO!
I CAN'T DO *EVERYTHING* AROUND HERE, YOU KNOW!

WHAM
MOVE, PERI!
THANKS EVER SO MUCH FOR YOUR CONCERN, BUT I BELIEVE IT'S TIME I CHECKED OUT OF YOUR FACILITY.
I'LL SHOW MYSELF OUT.
FROOM
NOT TO WORRY, MY DEAR. THESE WERE LITTLE MORE THAN AUTOMATONS.
THE REAL HOSPITAL STAFF MUST BE HIDDEN AWAY AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE—THEY'RE NEEDED IN ORDER FOR THE AUTONS TO MAINTAIN THE COPY.
EEUGH...

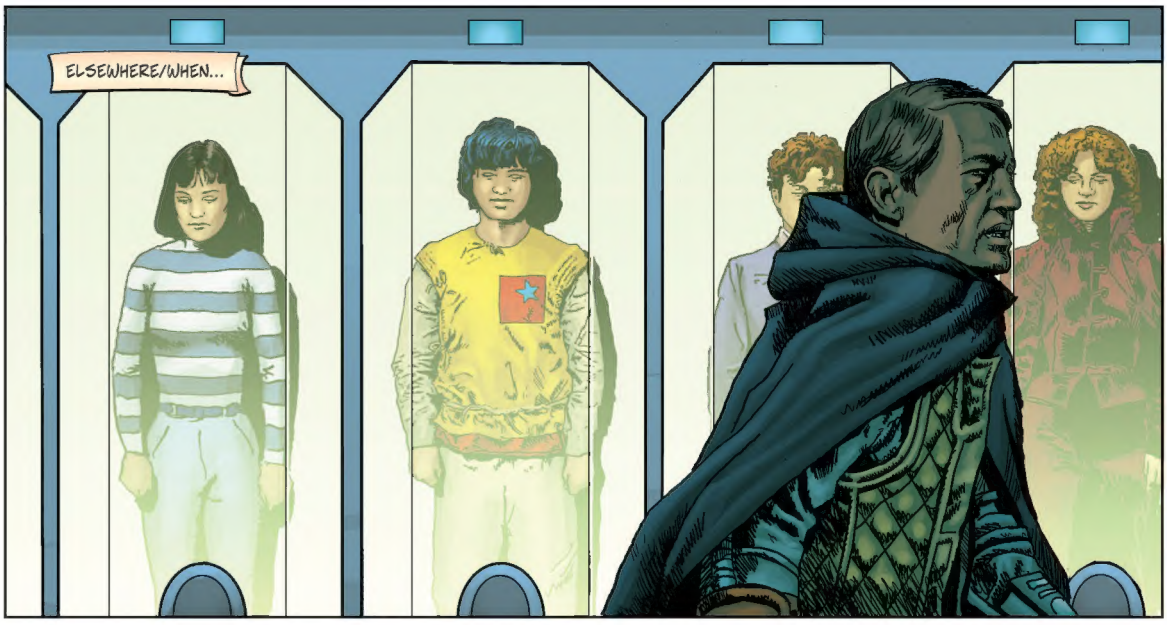
COME ALONG, NOW— LET'S SEE IF WE CAN'T FIND THEM, AND FROBISHER, AND THEN BE ON OUR WAY.
DOC, ABOUT THAT—

YES?
SPEAK UP, MY DEAR!
I'M AFRAID SHE'S INDISPOSED, DOCTOR...


PERI!
FWASH
YET ANOTHER FAILURE, DOCTOR. AND MORE BLOOD ON YOUR HANDS.

I REMEMBER NOW... HE'S TAKING THEM ALL! BUT HOW—
?
?

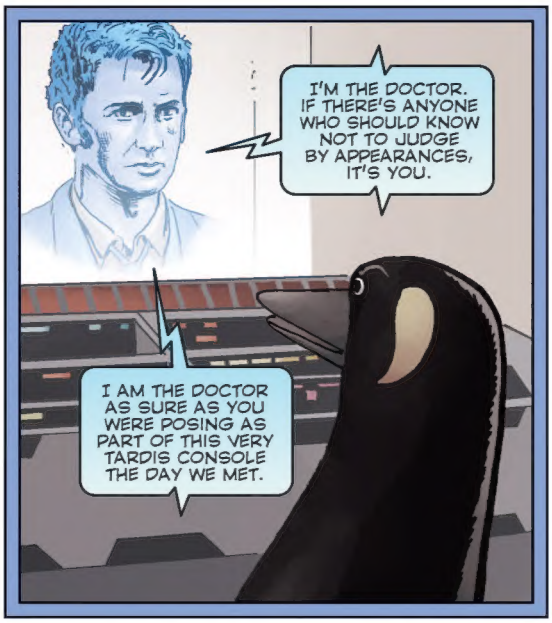
I REMEMBER... OH, I AM A CLEVER ONE AFTER ALL, AREN'T I?

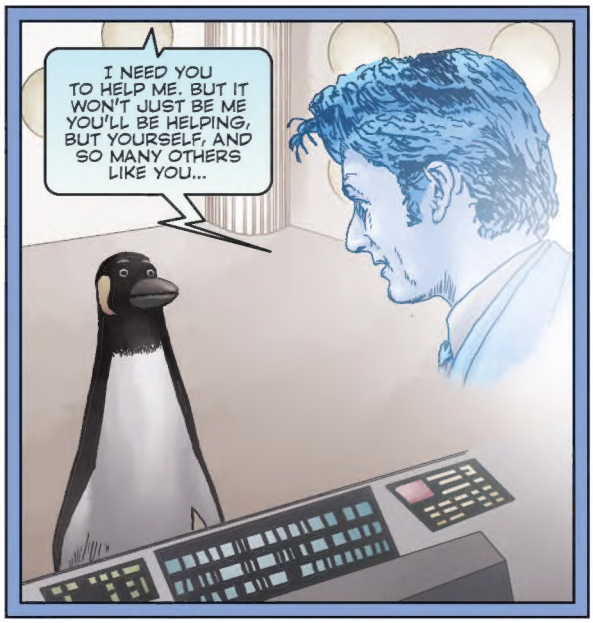

ELSEWHERE/WHEN...

HEH. NICE TRY, DR. CLOAKENSTEIN.
I'M NOT GOIN' SLEEPY-BYE LIKE EVERYONE ELSE, AS LONG AS THESE DOODADS AT MY HEAD DON'T TOUCH ME.

I SURE HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOIN', DOC.
THOUGH I'LL GIVE YOU CREDIT, YOUR WARNING WAS RIGHT ON TARGET...

FROBISHER! LISTEN UP, BECAUSE WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME. YOU MAY THINK YOU DON'T KNOW ME, BUT YOU DO...





END OF CHAPTER 6.

REFLECTIONS OF TIME

Wherein prominent Whovians past and present muse upon the Doctor's history in comic form.

It's no real secret that Colin Baker, the actor who portrayed the Sixth Doctor on television, wasn't entirely satisfied by the way he was asked to play the character, feeling too much time was spent being unpleasant and shouty—he enjoyed exploring the darker side of the Doctor, but still wanted to retain something of the Doctor's joy at the universe, rather than yelling at it.

It is therefore no surprise to learn that he was a huge fan of the concurrent run of comic strips featuring his Doctor—and this pleasure can be laid squarely at the feet of three people: writer Steve Parkhouse, editor/writer Alan McKenzie, and, most of all, the gorgeous black-and-white artwork of John Ridgway, quite possibly the finest artist and storyteller ever to work on the *Doctor Who* comic strips.

Parkhouse and McKenzie constructed clever, post-modern stories that stretched and flowed over many issues, predicting the 'season arcs' that would dominate fantasy television years later. Each time a particular story seemed to end, there were enough running threads and arcs that kept you hanging on for more, and brilliant as they were in each installment, re-reading the whole run enabled fans to see the most intricate and beautiful and complex-without-being-unfathomable storytelling that the strip had ever been fortunate enough to print.

From 'The Shape-Shifter' right through to 'Frobisher's Story' (more about whom later), in what collectively is known as 'Voyager', these three creators wove magic, elevating both the strip and the Sixth Doctor to heights the TV producers could only dream of, unrestricted by budget or imagination.

Even when 'Voyager' was over, the effect could be felt over the remaining Sixth Doctor stories and beyond, into those of the Seventh, when Frobisher finally departed. And what of Frobisher? Finally a companion created for the comic strip who simply couldn't work on television and yet sits aside the Doctor so perfectly. A shape-changing alien Whifferdill, a lame PI from Xenon, who gets stuck as a penguin (although it was more probably by choice). Caustic, smart, comical, and passionately loyal, Frobisher was both the most memorable and the most recognisable companion ever created purely for the comic strips (his subsequent appearances in novels and audio plays accentuates this). For a while, the Doctor and Frobisher were also joined by TV companion Peri Brown (the first human one to do so since Sarah Jane Smith in *TV Comic*) and Frobisher and Peri had a delightful brotherly/sisterly relationship, playful and cheeky. When Peri left the strip, Frobisher was left despondent by this.

But there's more to the Sixth Doctor strips than the 'Voyager' run—after Parkhouse and McKenzie (the latter's swan song was a superbly dark story about humans being converted into Cybermen, into which Ridgway drew himself as one of their victims), writers such as Grant Morrison, Jamie Delano, Simon Furman, and Mike Collins took the reins, but the one constant, the one benchmark of quality was always John Ridgway's artwork. The writers gave the strip some of their best work, as if never wanting to let the artist down. The *Doctor Who* strip had had many highlights before (the *Countdown/TV Action* years of the Third Doctor, the early Fourth Doctor strips by Pat Mills and John Wagner, and the Fifth Doctor's amazing 'The Tides of Time'), but never before had the mix of writers and one superb artist created a flawless run of adventures for the entirety of one Doctor's run.

—Gary Russell,
author, former BBC Drama script editor, former *Doctor Who Magazine* editor,
and producer for Big Finish Productions